By drunken prophefies libels and dreames,
To fet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againft the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuft
As I am fubtile, falfe and trecherous;
This day fhould *Clarence* clofely be mewd vp,
About a prophefie which fayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer fhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my foule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of Men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His Maiefty tendring my perfons fafety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what caufe?

Cla. Becaufe my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He fhould for that commit your god-fathers:
O belike his Maiefty hath fome intent
That you fhall be new chriftned in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteft
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophefies, and dreames,
And from the croffe-row pluckes the letter G,
And fayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iffue difinherited fhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he:
Thefe as I learne and fuch like toyes as thefe,
Haue moued his highneffe to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,
Tis not the King that fends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis fhe
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not fhe and that good man of worfhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him fend L. *Haftings* to the Tower,
From whence this prefent day he is deliuered?
We are not fafe *Clarence*, we are not fafe.

Cla.

Cla. By Heauen I thinke there is no man
But the Queenes kindred, and night wal
That truge betweene the King and Miftris *Sh*
Heard you not what an humble fuppliant
Lord *Haftings* was to her for his deliuery?

Glo. Humbly complayning to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it were our wa
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her liuery,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her felf
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewo
Are mighty goffips in this monarchy.

Bro. I befeech your graces both to pardon
His Maiefty hath ftraightly giuen in charge,
That no man fhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree foeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen fo and pleafe your worfhip *B*
You may pertake of any thing we fay:
We fpeake no treafon man, we fay the Kin
Is wife and vertuous and the noble Queene
Well ftroke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We fay that *Shores* Wife hath a prety foote,
A chery lip a bonny eye, a paffing pleafing
And that the Queenes kindred are made gen
How fay you fir, can you deny all this?

Bro. VVith this (my Lord) my felfe hath n

Glo. Nought to do with Miftris *Shore*, I te
He that doth nought with her excepting on
VVere beft to do it fecretly alone,

Bro. VVhat one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldeft thou

Bro. I befeech your Grace to pardon me, a
Your conference with the noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*,

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and m
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,
And whatfoeuer you will imploy me in,
VVere it to call King *Edwards* widdow fift